

Satan's Decoy:

OR THE

Youth's Faith in CHRIST.

BEING

A True Relation of a Merchant's Son of Bristol; a Youth of eleven Years of Age, who took great Delight in his Learning, and served his Maker; so that his Parents thought themselves happy in so dutiful a Child.

S H E W I N G,

How, as he was going to School one Day, he met the Devil dress'd in Black, who would have perswaded him to play a Truant, and go with him to a Fair, Ball, or Play; but he defied all his Temptations; whereupon he vanished in a Flash of Fire, upon which the Youth fell down on his Knees to pray in the Field: and afterwards went to School, when his Master chiding him for staying so long from School, he told him what had happened.

Together with

An excellent Prayer the School-master made for the Use of his Scholars.

Fit for the serious Perusal of both Young and Old, in order to bring them to a true Faith, and that they may avoid the Snares and Temptations of the Devil.

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SATAN'S DECOY;

OR, THE

Sinner's Stedfast Faith in Christ.

YOU vicious youths, awhile I pray draw near,

A pious pattern for you I have here :

If you'll but observe what I have penn'd,

You'll gain a crown of glory in the end.

'Tis of a youth, eleven years of age,

A merchant's son of Bristol, as 'tis said,

Who in his learning did take great delight.

He made it all his study, day and night.

He was a comfort to his parents dear,

Who brought him up the Lord of life to fear.

A youth he was both comely, meek and mild.

His parents they were blest with such a child.

As he to school one morning took his way,

Over a field where flowers grew so gay,

All on a sudden he a man did meet,

Drest all in black, who kindly did him greet.

He said, My lovely youth, where now so soon?

The child said, Sir, I'm going to my school,

Myself my Maker dear may serve;

His strict command I ne'er will swerve.

The Devil then made this reply,
Such foolish talk as this I pray lay by;
In yonder village there is kept a fair,
And if you'll go a show you shall see there.

No, sir, I beg that you will me excuse,
To go with you indeed I must refuse.
Besides, a stranger, sir, you are to me.
Your conversation won't with me agree.
You talk as if you did not better know,
Of carrying me to see a gallant show,
That I my learning may neglect at school.
But you are mistaken, I am no such fool.

Then Satan said, My lovely child so fair,
Will you the pleasure of the world forbear?
Be rul'd by me, don't fool away your time,
But take your pleasure while you're in your prime.
The child reply'd, I needs must tell you plain,
That all your talk to me is but in vain:
A God there is above, whose blessed Son
To cleanse us from our sins on earth did come.

How can you then, sir, be so vile and base,
To advise me thus to shun th' Almighty's grace?
You outward like a gentleman appear,
By your discourse you're something worse I fear.
Then finding he could no impression make
Upon him, he immediately did take
Out of his pocket a large purse of gold,
Saying, Here, my pretty boy, here take thy gold.

All this I do design to give to thee
If to my advice you will agree.

*P'd have you take your pleasure while you're here;
And never think so much on worldly care.*

*It is a pity such a youth as you
Should be debarr'd from pastime to pursue;
And always be confin'd to go to school,
It is enough to make a child a fool.*

*Be rul'd by me, and go to balls and plays,
And take some pleasure in your youthful days.
Ne'er spend your time as you have hither done,
For if you do you'll into sorrow run.*

*Money at your command you now shall have,
And all things else that you desire or crave;
You nothing here shall want on earth,
So ne'er take care of what comes after death.*

*The child reply'd, I can't think who you be,
Who now has giv'n such bad advice to me;
Surely you do not think there is a God;
Your expressions to me are very odd.*

*What pleasures can I take more than I do?
The Gospel of the Lord I will pursue.
To serve my Maker is my whole delight,
And strive to walk within the paths of light.*

*Do you in conscience think we mortals here
Can recompence make to our Saviour dear;
He suffer'd so much pain upon the cross,
Or else our sinful souls they had been lost.*

*I can't repay the debt to him I owe,
Neither can you — But now, sir, I must go;
At last he happen'd to cast down his eye,
 cleven foot he did espy.*

*At which fight he was not daunted in the least,
But to reprove him back he did retreat :*

He said, You old deceiver of mankind,

I have found you out at last, I find.

You've miss'd your aim, your ends you can't obtain

Of me, for all your subtle snares are vain ;

You're like a lion, seeking whom to devour,

But over me you shall have no power.

At this the Devil gave him a grim look,

And in a flash of fire the field forsook,

This heavenly youth he then knelt down to pray,

And when he had done to school he went his way.



His P R A Y E R in the Field.

ALMIGHTY and ever-living God, who did suffer thy only Son to be tempted by the Devil in the wilderness, after that he had fasted forty days and forty nights, and thou hast been pleased at this time to deliver me from his snares, subtilly to rule my heart, so that I withstood his temptations, I return these humble and hearty thanks for the same, and I hope I shall find rest in thy holy place at the last day, through the merits of my Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

His master said, I pray where have you run;
 That you no sooner unto school did come?
 You did not use to stay so long from me;
 Tell me the reason, pray now, instantly.

The reason that I from school did stay,
 When from my father's house I took my way,
 I met the Devil in the shape of a man;
 Dressed in black he unto me did come.
 He ask'd me where I was going so soon.
 I made him answer, no where but to school,
 The fittest place for all such youths as me.
 But he to that did not seem to agree.

He said would have me gone unto a fair,
 Saying, It was better than to come here;
 At which I refused, for it him reprov'd,
 Saying, Such things are what I never lov'd,
 Then he finding that he could not me entice,
 Out of his pocket he pull'd in a trice
 A purse of gold, which he offer'd to me.
 If I to his advice would but agree.

But all his wicked snares they were in vain;
 There is a just God in Heaven doth reign,
 Whom I would serve as long as I had life,
 And all such vain discourse would banish quite:

I told him what our blessed Saviour dear
 Did suffer for us sinful mortals here,
 All for to save the precious souls of men.
 I said, You crucify him now again,

But saying me to shun his heavenly grace
 And have me run a sinful wicked race;

As other children in this world have done.
 And daily do; but there at last will come
 A reckoning-day, when thou must for it pay.
 But now this vain discourse forbear, I pray.
 Then I said, Sir, tho' I am but a youth,
 You'll find what I have said to be the truth.
 Still he persisted, that is was the best
 To follow worldly pleasures while on earth.
 I little thinking who it was so nigh,
 Till I his cloven foot at last did spy.

At which I was not daunted in the least,
 But did begin to upbraid him to the best.
 I said, You old deceiver of mankind,
 Be gone from me, no prey you here shall find
 For all your subtle snares I do defy,
 Your shining gold sha'n't tempt me to comply.
 I prize my soul into a better state
 Than you can purchase, for my Saviour's sake.
 These words being spoke, he gave me a look.
 And in a flash of fire the fields forsook.
 So being vanish'd I fell down to pray
 Unto the Lord; which done, I came away.
 The master, when he heard what he had said,
 Made this reply, There are few in this age
 That ever had the conduct for to shun
 The snares of Satan as you have done.
 You youths that are around, pray warning take
 And, like this child, all wickedness forsake.
 Serve God, likewise your parents dear,
 Then you the snares of Satan need not fear.

*An excellent PRAYER which the School-master
made for the Use of his Scholars.*

Blessed art thou, O Lord God! who hast protected us, and given us grace to withstand the many snares and temptations of the Devil, humbly we beseech thee to keep our hearts free from all ill thoughts and vain acts, that whatever we do may say many contribute to thy honour and glory; and that we may be thy servants from henceforth, evermore. Amen.

P I N I S.

